Undercover

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by TigerPrawn

Summary

Mafia boss Hannibal corrupts cop Will. Though maybe that isn’t so difficult…

Notes

The mafia aspect of this fic is SUPER light. This is because it's just not a genre I watch/read/write. I had started off thinking I'd do a bit more research, but then as the story unfolded and it just became more about going into heat, there didn't seem much point.

Will couldn’t catch his breath.

It had started before he arrived at the restaurant that acted as the Lecter family's front, but now as he made his way out to the private rooms out back, it worsened. He staggered forward, drawing the attention of the kitchen staff as he made his way through. When he finally broke through to the back hallway he stopped and doubled over. The sudden pain through his abdomen and all the way down to his crotch was searing. The pain made his legs automatically cross, and he ended up crouched on the ground.

This couldn’t be happening. He couldn’t get sick right now. Whatever this was, it couldn’t happen.

As much as he tried to will away the pain, he had to acknowledge that he could barely stand. He shouldn’t have come. As soon as he started to feel unwell he should have turned around, this left him compromised, it could endanger his operation.

He looked up and down the hallway, trying to remember where the fire exit was, but his mind was foggy. If he could get back outside, back to his car…

Then what? Who could he call?

He’d been undercover for almost eight months. Deep cover.

The only people in his life were the people he was surveilling, the people he’d grown close to as he infiltrated the mafia organisation headed by the Lecter familia. If he were really one of them then it would be Hannibal that he’d call, now that they were so close. A closeness that hadn’t been anticipated but Will had welcomed for the sake of his operation.

But that connection wasn’t real. Not really. It was a facade, even if it didn’t really feel that way. If Hannibal knew who he really was, he’d be dead. Being sick could leave him vulnerable. What if he lost cognition? What if he passed out and lost his senses and blew his cover?

His only choice was to get out and call his handler. Not ideal, every contact, especially an unscheduled one, could result in his cover being compromised.

Maybe if he made it to the car he’d feel better. Get some fresh air. Maybe this was nothing.

Wincing at the pain, Will stood, leaning against the wall as he took a step, before doubling over again. And then everything went dark.

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Will woke in a dark, unfamiliar room. He took in as much as he could, immediately alert and cautious, but he appeared to be alone as far as he could tell from sight and sound.

The next thing that struck him was that he was no longer in pain. The thought sent his hands flying to his wrists and arms, feeling for a cannula, but there was none. Only a soreness in his ass cheek as he moved. Feeling there instead, his skin was heated and a little swollen and there was a small lump of cotton wall taped to his skin.

An injection. Of what he couldn't be sure. At the lack of pain he'd assumed he was on a drip full of painkillers, but he couldn't fathom what painkiller would require an intramuscular injection.

He winced as he moved, the site incredibly tender, as he felt for the edge of the bed, his eyes slowly adjusting. Much like a hospital bed there were railings up on either side that he would either need to put down or climb over. Though he was sure he was not in a hospital, not being so dark and the lack of the antiseptic smell that always haunted those places. If anything it looked like a well fitted out basement.

He supposed he could call out, but something in his gut immediately nixed that idea. As an undercover cop, and even before as a detective, he was cautious as much as was necessary. He made intuitive leaps in his detective work, but didn't take unnecessary risks. He hated the hot shot idiots who did, especially those that ended up rewarded for it considering they could, and often did, get people hurt or killed through their actions.

But this was beyond that usual caution - a caution that came from his mind. This was something sitting heavy in his core, radiating from his stomach to his chest and groin. It felt more like an instinct, though not one he'd ever experienced before.

There was the sound somewhere off in the distance, a click. And then somewhere far off a light came on, spilling down the now apparent hallway. This was followed by another click and more light, and then by the soft tread of expensive shoes.

Will tensed. The footfalls grew closer and instinct told Will to run. But as he looked around the now dimly lit room, there were no obvious means of escape. The windows were high and the only way in or out appeared to be the hallway the footsteps were echoing down.

"It's alright, Will." A gentle voice echoed over the footsteps, a familiar voice and yet one that made Will fearful.

Hannibal Lecter. The mafia boss he had been slowly getting closer to as part of his undercover operation. He was a charming man, and friendly in his own way. An alpha, which set him apart from many, but a criminal mastermind all the same.

"Mr Lecter?" Will replied, a moment before the alpha stepped into the room, concern clear on his expression even in the dim lighting.

"I apologise for the conditions. When you were found passed out at the restaurant, I had a doctor come and see to you immediately, he recommended somewhere secluded. Somewhere… you couldn't be easily found."

The words sent a chill down Will's spine. Had he been made? Surely if Lecter wanted to kill him he'd have done it by now.

“What was I injected with?” Will asked.

Hannibal moved closer until he was at the side of the bed, though he made no move to touch Will, or otherwise encroach on his personal space. All the same, Will could *smell* him! Unexpected. But he could definitely smell Hannibal Lecter’s pheromones - an earthy, rich scent that reminded Will of his favourite whiskey.

“A temporary hormone suppressant. It was necessary in order to move you, both to stall your condition, and to ward off undue attention.”

“What condition?” Will frowned, wondering why he was in this place, it was surely not a hospital. And where was the doctor? What was Hannibal doing here himself rather than a lackey?

Hannibal hesitated, and for a moment it occurred to Will that Hannibal was sure he already knew.

“You’re going into heat, Will.”

*

It’s not possible.

The words sounded over and over in Will’s mind along with the absolute knowledge that not only was it possible, it was happening.

He was finally presenting. As an omega.

Will had considered many times since his youth, what his life would be like if he’d presented as anything at all. And, in the long run, he’d been glad that his hormone treatments had made him an approximation of a beta. Omegas and alphas were a very small percentage of the population, but they were so prominent. It was impossible for them not to be. For society to function, it had to accommodate the most instinct driven amongst them - the alphas and omegas. Omegas like him.

The idea would have been difficult to accept were it not for the cramps, the excruciating pain from his core through to his groin. He felt like he was being split apart, as though his pelvis were being pulled apart.

He groaned. And when his arms clutched at his abdomen he realised he was curled up on the bed with no recollection of what had happened in the interceding time.

Will startled when a cool, damp cloth pressed to his forehead. He struggled to open his eyes against the dim light, finally able to see Hannibal Lecter sat next to him. He had removed his jacket and his sleeves were rolled to the elbow. His expression was neutral, but his scent was rich.

“Wh-?” Will began, his mouth dry.

“Be still,” Hannibal spoke softly. “Your body is adjusting. I…” the alpha paused and it wasn’t until he began again that Will realised it was because he was revealing something personal that he may have told very few people. If any. “I trained as a doctor in my youth. I was a surgeon until my father became sick and I was compelled to come home.” Hannibal paused again, clearing his throat before continuing. “This will last a while longer. We are all born with a vestigial vagina, and yours is presenting now. Of course, usually this comes earlier, and were you born omega you would also have a womb.”

His words were so soft that they were soothing despite the content. His touch was gentle and comforting. And Will had the very real sense that he was being gentled for the first time in his life, and he was finding it difficult to want to resist.

“Why are you doing this?” Will finally managed to ask. “You could just take me to a heat clinic, drop me off and leave me. I wouldn’t talk.”

The cloth stopped for a moment and then continued.

“It isn’t as easy as that, is it, Will?”

“I don’t understand,” Will replied, the heat and exhaustion making his words not wholly a lie.

“Shh, it’s not important now,” Hannibal murmured. His words were so soft and comforting that Will couldn’t help but feel lulled.

Will drew in a sharp breath. An omega’s reaction to an alpha. An omega in heat reacting to a suitable mate. He shook his head trying to clear it, trying to sit up.

“You’re safe here,” Hannibal spoke a little more dominantly, even as a soft hand pressed Will’s shoulder, encouraging him to lie down. “I don’t plan to hurt you.”

Will frowned at that, realising that Hannibal must think he was trying to escape, or at least for a different reason than he actually was trying to leave. And even that was half hearted. He wanted to be there, he didn’t want to leave Hannibal.

“You’re not going to let me go,” Will acknowledged, falling back against the pillow.

“No one has ever really held my interest. I suppose I was always in want of an omega. And, then I met you. I was surprised to find you were a beta.”

“I’m not.” Will acknowledged. He was one of less than 1% of the world’s population that had never presented at all. When he reached puberty he didn’t go through an alpha rut or an omega heat, he didn’t even go through the usual puberty of the majority of the population - the betas. Instead his puberty had to be artificially created with hormones and treatments.

“I am aware. I hope you don’t think that I don’t know who you are, Will Graham. Would you like me to recite your badge number?”

Will looked at Hannibal sharply then. He knew Will was undercover. How long had he known? Had he always known?

Perhaps anticipating the question, Hannibal continued. “I know everything that happens within my business and nothing happens without me allowing it. Though this I hadn’t exactly planned for. It’s not unheard of for unpresented people to finally present later in life, especially if they meet their true mate.”

Will’s eyes went wide, even as he felt the truth of it vibrate through him and ease the ache a little.

“The issue is this, I suppose. I think we are meant to be together, but you know what I do. And that barely scratches the surface of who I am.” Hannibal continued as he went back to pressing the cool cloth against Will’s forehead. “So really it is up to you. Could you accept me as I am, to be your mate? Could I corrupt you?”

Unbidden, Will’s mind was suddenly filled with the memories of his first kill. In the line of duty of course. It happened from time to time, but he hadn’t expected to feel the way it had made him feel. The way it had felt so righteous.

Would it be corruption?

Wasn’t that why Will was so good at being undercover? Because in reality it wasn’t difficult to slip into the criminal mindset and desire what they desired? It was easy, all too easy, to allow himself to feel… to feel good when he killed.

Will swallowed, a shiver running over his skin. He felt a different sort of heat now. The pain had subsided, or rather it was different. Before it felt like he was being torn apart from the inside, but now it was more like cramps. And he could feel, between his legs he was…

“You’re getting wet,” the words were matter of fact, but Hannibal’s tone was animalistic. “Could I corrupt you?” He asked again, this time a growl, forceful.

Will looked at him then, really looked and saw the hunger in his eyes. But more than that. The want, the desire, the need. And how very much he was having to hold himself back. The thought made Will hard and, yes, wet. Empty.

“Fuck…” Will whimpered then shook his head. “I don’t need corrupting,” he replied. And thoughts of every subsequent kill he had made in the line of duty flashed into his mind. Thoughts of the ones he’d wanted to kill but hadn’t been allowed. Thoughts of *that* desire.

Thoughts of what he could be if he only allowed himself. And, yes that was what he saw in Hannibal Lecter’s deep dark eyes - they were the same. Identically different.

They were both panting, the air crackling between them, thick with pheromones.

“Please,” Will breathed out the word and that was all it took.

In less than a second Hannibal had the side railing of the bed down and was on top of Will, and between his legs. He growled and grunted as he pinned Will down and began to ravage his neck - scenting and nipping, kissing and licking - as he ground their hard cocks together. Will whimpered beneath him even as he struggled to get free.

Finally Hannibal moved back and Will was able to move his arms, running his hands up to Hannibal's shirt and starting to undo the buttons. He got to two of them before growing frustrated and tugging at the fabric.

With a growl Hannibal took hold of it and tore, ripping the shirt with buttons pinging across the room. Before the fabric had even fallen away, Will's fingers were buried in the thick hair on his chest.

Every touch made Will hotter and more desperate and yet he knew, he felt, he was so very close to being sated.

"It aches," Will said the words aloud without quite realising it.

"I'll take care of you," Hannibal rumbled the words as he leaned back down to take Will's mouth in a surprisingly soft kiss.

His hands were less gentle, tugging Will's trousers open and down enough that Will was able to pull one leg free and spread himself entirely.

He gasped into Hannibal's mouth when he felt fingers touch him.

"Oh fuck…" Will sobbed at the overwhelming and so very right, sensation of Hannibal's fingers sliding inside his new, wet entrance. His cock was so hard that it sat against his belly, his now - as he realised - much smaller balls drawn high, and that space lower was opening to Hannibal like a flower in bloom.

Hannibal's mouth moved back to Will's neck as he moved his fingers in and out, slowly and gently.

Will groaned, his eyes rolling in pleasure as Hannibal spread his fingers, scissoring them so that Will could feel him occupy the whole of him.

"You're perfect," Hannibal muttered, his mouth trailing next to Will's ear before kissing his lips again. It was hard and passionate this time as he pumped his fingers deeper and faster.

Will went pliant, every muscle weak and every nerve alight as his body and mind tried to process this wholly new pleasure. And even so, so very quickly, it wasn't enough.

He clenched around Hannibal's fingers, hungry for more. This was rewarded with a nip at his lips and more kisses as Hannibal withdrew his fingers and began to unbuckle his belt.

The sense of loss and emptiness was instead but immediately tempered by the knowledge of what was coming next. This alpha - *his* alpha - was going to fill him.

"Alpha," Will gasped the word between kisses and Hannibal responded with another deep, rumbled growl and the sound of more desperate fumbling and fabric ripping.

Then time stopped. Or so it felt.

Hannibal had drawn back enough to look down into Will's face. And Will could feel the slicked tip of his cock pressing against his new opening. There was no sound, not even their breathing, and he was sure even the dust was suspended in the air.

Then Hannibal started to push slowly inside him.

The sound that left Will's body was indescribable. He shook and tears began to silently streak his cheeks as the sensation threatened to overwhelm him. He had never felt more complete. He had never felt such pleasure.

Now completely pliant, Will was lost to the pleasure as Hannibal began to move inside him, gentle thrusts mirrored by soft kisses to Will's face and neck. It was the first time Will could recall sex ever truly feeling like making love.

That thought made his whole body ache and his arms went around Hannibal's neck, his legs hiking up over his hips - holding Hannibal as close to him as was utterly possible as he sank deep inside.

"Oh god," Will muttered against Hannibal's neck as they pressed close together, Hannibal pushing deeper and deeper. Will could feel every inch of him in this new space within him. A space that seemed to have been created for Hannibal alone.

"I wish you could breed me," Will gasped the words as he felt Hannibal's knot kissing his entrance. He meant it too. He'd never had a thought one way or another about having children, but suddenly his body and mind were craving the most instinctive desires of an omega - to provide children for their alpha.

He felt the gentle movement of Hannibal shaking his head. "You're enough for me, darling. I could never want for more. You are perfect." He was breathless and the words were panted at Will's throat - another thrilling sensation as even his skin grew all the more sensitive. "I knew from the moment I met you."

Another deep thrust blanked Will's mind for a moment, but then the words sank in through his heat addled brain.

"You expected this…" Will's words were accusatory but the tone faltered as Hannibal began to press him down, trying to push his knot inside.

"I desired it. I hoped for it. And your body has proven me correct. We are meant to be together. Conjoined forever."

On those last, gasped words Hannibal sank his knot inside Will.

Will let out a cry, his body drawing up and trying to curl in on himself as the pleasure cascaded through him. He didn't realise that he had come until he felt the wetness of his spend sliding over his skin.

When Hannibal's teeth sank into his neck, Will's world went dark.

*

He had no idea how much time had passed when he woke. He felt sated and he ached in places he had never before been aware of. But he felt clean and comfortable. He blinked his eyes open to see he was no longer in that basic room he had essentially been incarcerated in, but instead found himself in a large, soft bed in an opulent bedroom.

“You’re awake,” Hannibal’s voice was a gentle purr, drawing Will’s attention to where he sat next to the window. The curtains were open but it had to be just before dawn, the lamp on a side table next to him illuminating the alpha.

Will tried to sit up, but found that he ached all over, and whilst it was a pleasant sensation, he did feel exhausted and instead sank back down into the plush pillows. He was naked, he realised, his body washed clean though some slick was once more swelling between his legs. Something that only increased as Hannibal rose and came over to the bed, his scent filling Will’s senses.

“Your house?” Will guessed.

“Our house, now.” Hannibal corrected. “Our room. I hope you don’t mind that I took the liberty to make you comfortable.”

Will didn’t respond, his gaze unfocused and distant as he tried to take in the life changing experiences of the last several hours.

“You wanted this,” Will said, remembering Hannibal’s words. “You hoped for it.”

Hannibal sat on the bed next to Will, placing a hand on Will’s thigh. “I did.”

Will shuddered. Between the touch and the words he felt himself grow slicker. Hannibal must have easily scented him as a small smile grew.

“You will be in heat for a few more days, and I will be here for you. I will sate you.”

Will nodded, accepting the inevitability of it, though he wasn’t sure he hated the idea.

“This is it then, from now on. This is my life.” Statements, no questions. Hannibal nodded all the same.

“But that is fine, isn’t it, Will?” the smile expanded into a grin. “You want this too…” His hand went to Will’s neck, pressing against the fresh bite there. “I can feel it now. Everything that I suspected about you. The reason I didn’t have you killed the moment I knew who you were. We are the same. Identically different. All I have done is free you from the social constructs that have been holding you back.”

Will swallowed thickly, those words… he had thought those words. He had seen Hannibal for who he was and moreover he had seen inside himself. And now Hannibal had seen him too.

Will took in a deep breath and let it out slowly, a burning in his core, an ache and an emptiness that needed sating.

“I don't know if I can save myself.” Will said, his fingers going up to the bite mark, the mating mark he had assumed he would never wear. “Maybe that's just fine.” He smiled.

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